

THE INTELLIGENCER.

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by
The Intelligencer Publishing Company,
23 & 27 FOURTEENTH STREET.

TERMS: Per Year, by Mail, Postage
Prepaid.

DAILY (SIX DAYS IN THE WEEK) \$3.00
DAILY (THREE DAYS IN THE WEEK) 4.00
DAILY (TWO DAYS IN THE WEEK) 2.75
DAILY (ONE MONTH) 2.00
DAILY (ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE) 1.00
WEEKLY (SIX MONTHS) 1.00
THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is delivered by
carriers in Wheeling and adjacent towns at
15 cents per week.

Persons wishing to subscribe to THE DAILY IN-
TELLIGENCER can do so by sending in their
orders to the INTELLIGENCER office on postal
card or otherwise. They will be punctually
served by carrier.

Tributes of Respect and Obituary Notices, 50
cents per inch.

Correspondence containing important news
collected from every part of the surrounding
country.

Rejected communications will not be returned
unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

[The INTELLIGENCER, embracing its several
editions, is entered in the Postoffice at Wheel-
ing, W. Va., as second-class matter.]

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
Editorial Rooms 523, Counting Room 522.

TheIntelligencer.

WHEELING, JANUARY 23, 1896.

Salvation Army in America.

The recall of Ballington Booth and
his wife from command of the Salvation
Army in the United States is having
some side lights thrown upon it. Booth
and his capable wife have done earnest
and successful work in this country.
They have built up a force strong in
numbers and showing the best results.

They have made the Salvation Army
better understood in this country than it
was before their coming. They have
attracted the sympathetic co-operation
of persons who have been disposed to
look upon the Salvation Army movement
as merely a rough and transitory
outburst of religious fanaticism.

While all this has been going on Ball-
ington Booth and his wife have been
taking an increasingly firm hold on the
confidence and affection of the Salva-
tion Army and of those who have inti-
mate knowledge of their work. They
have become thoroughly Americanized
in feeling and are now American citi-
zens. So far as this country is concern-
ed they are recognized heads of the
Salvation Army.

It seems that this is more than old
General Booth, the commander-in-
chief, can stand. Therefore he deter-
mines to sever these relations. The
army wants to rebel. Ballington Booth
and his wife say that as soldiers they
must render obedience to authority, but
they cannot conceal their grief and
mortification.

A possible result of it all is a declara-
tion of independence that shall make the
Salvation Army in America free from
foreign control. Why not?

At this rate the ice man will soon be
elbowing the coal man out of his way.

A Choice Degenerate Specimen.

A New York boy of the ripe age of
seven years has been caught stealing,
lying and otherwise behaving badly.
As a thief he shows no little talent. As
a liar he is a real genius. He has a
quick imagination to hatch up on the
instant the most elaborate, attractive
and utterly groundless story, and he
has the steady nerve to tell his lie as
though it were a truth beyond dis-
puting.

Of course such a youngster is promptly
sized on as a degenerate. This is
the fashion of the time, for which we
have Max Nordau to thank. Naturally
the reporters run the boy down, and
the artists go along with the reporters.
So we have pictures of the boy, his head
in three views, his ear—to which great im-
portance is attached—his shoe, his
school slate and "his father's razor
strop, one-sixth full size."

From the slate, perhaps, the expert
may infer how very degenerate this de-
generate boy is; from the razor strop,
how long it may take him under favor-
able circumstances to get well of his
malady. A seven-year old degenerate
who cannot be reformed and restored to
full moral health by judicious applica-
tions of a razor strop in capable hands,
is to be pitied and abandoned as a hope-
less case.

If such a boy be not put out of the way
what are we to expect of his posterity?
We know that he will have posterity.
All degenerates have that. It is their
only way to get even with society.

Still the bond syndicate does sticks in
the craw of the great American eagle.

The Cotton Outlook.

The effort of planters to hold down
the American cotton crop has proved a
success. This year's crop is estimated
at from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 bales. At
this week's meeting of the planters in
Memphis there was an urgent appeal
to them to persist on the same line. A
speaker warned them that an excessive
production of 3,000,000 bales would put
them at the mercy of Liverpool as to
price.

While this meeting was being held
Liverpool was figuring on something of
much more immediate interest than
next year's crop. It was wrestling with
the present visible supply, to see where
it will come out. At the present rate of
disappearance the visible supply will be
gone by November. There is hardly a
probability of a cotton famine, but there
is a reasonable prospect for higher
prices.

The restriction of the acreage has vin-
dicated the judgement that advised it.
Unless all signs fail it will not be long
before this staple will be bringing ten
cents a pound. The present price is
eight cents, a rise of a little more than
two cents since this time last year.

A Chicago detective finds that Holmes
is not guilty of all that is charged
against him. If he is guilty of what has
been proved against him in Philadel-
phia, that will suffice.

Henry of Battenberg.

The death of Prince Henry of Batten-
berg in Africa recalls the death in the
same land of the French prince imper-
ial, son of Napoleon III. Both were in
Africa in a quixotic way, having no
particular business there.

The French prince was killed by a Zulu.
Prince Henry, by birth a German, was
by adoption a British subject and by
the queen's patent a British royal high-

ness. Why he went out to Ashantee
has not been made entirely clear. It
seems that he wished to do something
and to be somebody more than a mere
son-in-law to the queen.

Doubtless there will be a great show
of national mourning, but of the British
soldiers who have gone out to Ashantee
to do the fighting there are many who
will never see home again, and honest
hearts will mourn for them. The death
of a prince is not sadder than the death
of another man.

If the five hundred able editors now
sojourning in Florida could be turned
loose in Cuba with their blue pencils
they would edit the Spanish troops out
of existence in a jiffy. They are fight-
ing men, every one of them.

The Next Great War.

Everybody takes it for granted that
long wars are no longer possible. The
next great war will be settled quickly,
probably by one big fight. According
to Admiral Gherardi, of our navy, there
is no room for any nation to be confi-
dent of the outcome of a war in which
it may be involved, but the greatest naval
power has the greatest reason to hope
for success.

In case of a war between the United
States and England Admiral Gherardi
supposes that England might send out
a squadron of forty ships. We could
not send out an equal number, but if
we had them and England should come
out of the fight with thirty-four ships,
leaving us but thirty-two, "that would
end the war." We would be beaten.

If Admiral Gherardi is right this
country is always in peril, for it has not
the naval establishment to back up any
position that may bring it into conflict
with a second-rate power. Admiral
Gherardi is expressing a professional
opinion on a matter concerning which
he should be well informed, and yet we
want to hear from other men of his pro-
fession before accepting his gloomy
conclusion.

This much at least is certain, that this
country is doing itself great wrong to
move so slowly in the matter of its de-
fenses. The interests placed in peril
are so vast that money cannot measure
them. We can, however, compute the
cost of such a navy as such a country
should have, and it should be the first
care of Congress to lay the foundation
of that navy and to push the construc-
tion with all possible speed.

War ships and coast defenses are not
built in a day; but an enemy may de-
scend upon us in an hour. What is the
value of the best diplomacy that is not
backed with guns?

Some Louisville Republicans are said
to desire Mr. Cleveland to be nominated
by the Democratic and Republican par-
ties. What an opening this would
make for some other party!

The Presidential Nomination.

They are very perspicacious persons
who see in the selection of a sergeant-
at-arms for the St. Louis convention
something of great significance in re-
spect of the presidential nomination.
These persons think they see a McKin-
ley-Allison combination. The combi-
nation would be good, but the inference
is strained.

The sergeant-at-arms was chosen by
a sub-committee of the Republican na-
tional committee—excellent men who
could no more control the national con-
vention than they could turn back the
flow of the Mississippi by bidding it to
go the other way.

It is a fair guess that when the con-
vention meets all the aspirants will be
represented on the principle of every
man for himself with no regard to the
hindmost. If the combinations are to
come they will come later.

As to the general outcome of the con-
vention Republicans feel perfectly se-
rene. There is not a man in the field
who cannot be elected if nominated, and
there is not one of them who would not
serve with credit to his party and his
country.

This is what it is for a party to be
rich in men and to have the confidence
of a great country.

England may think the price of dead
bees a little high, but she is rich, plays
for big stakes and can afford to pay
when she loses. John should take his
medicine like a man. He can recoup
himself by plundering some more of the
first families of the jungle.

With evident intent to injure ex-Pres-
ident Harrison the story is started that
the woman he is about to wed was a
cause of trouble between him and his
wife while they lived in the white house.
We believe the story to be a cruel false-
hood.

AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

A cadia, or the Missing Links of a Lost
Chapter in American History—One of
the Most Fascinating Publications of the
Present Time—A People who were
Wronged by Historians and Lauded by
Poets.

One of the most remarkable works of
modern times is that of "Acadia,"
missing links of a lost chapter in American
history, by an Acadian, who is no
other than Edmund Richard, an ex-
member of the Canadian parliament,
and a great grandson of that unhappy
people who were deported from Nova
Scotia in 1755, and of whom so much
has been written in history and sung in
poetry. Who has read Longfellow's
sweet lines of Evangeline's story and
thought for a moment of the awful
sufferings and horrors of her people,
and the doom that unjustifiably fell up-
on them that made them outcasts and
pariahs through the almost unbelieve-
able villainy, greed and cupidity of
man? Mr. Richard's book tells that
story, and he relates it well. He writes
it to supply a vacuum in history, the
missing links, or rather the lost, stolen
and suppressed documents that induced
historians to slur and slander the Aca-
dians. This book will be read with
intense human interest. It is more ro-
mantic than the greatest romance and a
tragedy with all the pitiless environ-
ments and pathetic despair that en-
compass the weak in the triumphs of
the brutally strong. Nothing equals
Richard's narrative—and he undoubtedly
proves his case and confounds those
who have knowingly or innocently
traduced his ancestors—but De
Quincey's remarkable description of
the Flight of a Tartar Tribe. Even
that event contains more heartrend-
ing misfortunes as those which befell
the 15,000 exiles of Acadia who were
cruelly scattered over the face of the
earth by the despotic hand of the
governor of the province, whose king
had despoiled them of their heritage.

Most writers and historians have con-
cluded that the Acadians deserved
their fate, and Richard especially refers
to the celebrated American historian,
Parkman, whom he excuses in some in-
stances in that he was not able to ob-
tain access to documents which were
suppressed, and whom he mildly re-

CHEW

AND
SMOKE

MAL-
ANT-
ANTI-NERVOUS
DYSPEPTIC



PURE
HARMLESS
SATISFYING

POUCH
ANTI-NERVOUS
DYSPEPTIC

proves for not taking cognizance of
others he ignored. And it is remark-
able that this man, a descendant of the
malignant people, in his two volumes
only refers to two men with any degree
of bitterness, notwithstanding the
swelling flood of anguish that must
have overcome him in the investiga-
tion of a subject fraught with so many
painful memories. One was Thomas B.
Atkins, the compiler of the archives of
Nova Scotia, whom he charges with de-
liberately suppressing and distorting
facts, charges which he proves beyond
the peradventure of a doubt. From
these incomplete archives the author
claims arose that horrible nightmare
"the lost chapter" in the history of
the Acadians, and has for many years
clouded with obloquy the fair fame of
his ancestors. This mysterious hiatus
in the records of Acadia Richard re-
stores, partly from documents discov-
ered and verified traditions. The mem-
ory of Lawrence, who was governor of
Nova Scotia at the time of the depor-
tation, he covers with confusion, but not
vituperation. He was the man solely
responsible for the woes that trailed
his people in exile, and it is surprising,
considering the offense, with what a
temperate pen he paints a character so
antipathetic to his tender theme. The
evident fairness and conscientious in-
vestigation which the author exhibits
in every moment of his recital im-
press conviction on the mind of the
reader. His earnestness and simplicity
are the chief charm of his intensely
interesting pages. In no instance does
he show a vindictive spirit. He asks
only for justice—simple justice to a long
suffering and wronged race.

His honesty glows in every sentence
he pens. In his introduction he tells of
his unbelief in the reason given for the
deportation when he was told in his
youth that it was simply because the
Acadians refused to take the oath of
allegiance to the British crown unless
it was stipulated that they should not
bear arms against the French, their
compatriots. He could not conceive
that such a monstrous sentence should
be inflicted for so small an offense.
It was incomprehensible to him, and
remained so until he unraveled the
mystery that covered up the iniquity
of the deed, and he had dug up the
motive for the disappearance of the
documents, which were suppressed by
Governor Lawrence to save his neck,
because it was proven that he carried
out an order which he was forbidden
to execute. He exonerates the govern-
ment of Great Britain from all blame.
Lawrence, who was crafty and un-
scrupulous, was a house painter's ap-
prentice, and rose to power through
the trickery, cunning and the power of
the money bag. He was a man of the
corner, for the simple and sole pur-
pose of plunder, though he concealed
this at the time by treacherous meth-
ods. He died in time to escape the
ignominious death he so richly de-
served.

While exculpating England from all
complicity in the great crime Richard
turns more in sorrow than in anger to
France, lamenting the pathetic regret
corner of the country had left her children
to the ignoble fate that overwhelmed
them. He mourns the forgetfulness of
the court of Louis XIV, and the flip-
pancy of Voltaire, who exclaimed when
Canada was lost that France had only
parted with "a few acres of snow."
How true is his lament, "Poor Richard,
in order to retain the firm hold of your
scepter, you had invented the Salic
law. You would not be governed by
queens, and you have been ruled by
harlots. You were rich and honored;
those women squandered your coins
and your honor. What havoc has
wrought in you the wit of your mad-
caps? You are now striving to retain
the privilege of drying your fish on the
corner of this continent that once be-
longed to you; it would still be yours,
with all the wealth hidden under its
acres of snow, if you had less the wit
that evaporates and more of the wit
that bears fruit."

What a reproach to a mother from a
son! All the work of courtiers, Minis-
ters, and nobles, Pompadour and
Dubarry, "After me the deluge,"
exclaimed Louis XV. And what a
deluge it was! The pike and the gun-
nott; the tumbrel and the cannon. A
retribution of madness and blood. The
results of that neglect was a terrible
legacy to the Acadians.

Here was a peaceful people left naked
to their enemies. From plains they were
driven out into the shadows and gloom.
The comforts and joys of home were
turned to unassuageable sorrows, and
they were doomed to the awful loneliness
of ex-patriated wanderers. As though
this was not cruel enough, children
were separated from parents, wives
from husbands, all the ties of kinship
severed, people dispersed to distant
climes. This was a torture worthy of
conception in hell, a separation infi-
nitely more cruel than death. The
auction blocks of negro slavery was
civilization compared to this barbarism.
Almost every American colony
was turned into a waiting place for
homeless wanderers. Some
died, some were shut to men, many were
sent to England and other countries—
15,000 of them displaced like autumn
leaves before the frosty blasts. Years
and years afterwards they were
running hither and thither seeking
each other, children, parents,
husbands, all trying to
rehabilitate families. Many, many
never met again. Seeking a haven of
rest, a refuge for sorrowing hearts
many of the exiles drifted down the
Ohio and past those shores whereon
sighed the trees whose timbers whereon
languished gave strength to Fort Henry.
Longfellow in his tragic hymn sings:
It was the month of May. Far down the
Beautiful River
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of
the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and
swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed
by Acadian boatmen.

Among the maids sat the pale and
gentle Evangeline, of the village of
Grand Pre.

But what about the Acadians, and
their origin? How many who are not
close students of history know of the
trials and misfortunes of this loyal
people in a distant clime, forsaken by
their king and harried by covetous
enemies? What is now Nova Scotia
was discovered by the French and was
called Acadia. The first settlement
was made at Port Royal in 1604. The
colony at first was very small and
passed through all the dimensions in-
cident to the wars between France and
England. Twice it was a province of
England, until 1670 it was finally re-
stored to France, at which time there
were about forty-seven families of the
original French settlers left, and from
these sprung the Acadians of mournful
destiny. These people who had lived
among scenes of almost constant tur-
moil were inured to hardships, and
being left almost entirely to their own
resources became, says Richard, half
rebels, repudiating the various
customs and the formalities of the old
world. They were in all things admi-
rable. Matters of public interest were
settled at public meetings, without
bickerings and jealousies. The men
worked together on public works, they
built dikes, cultivated the land, were
peaceful and industrious, and so abun-

dance came to them. The had no fear
for the future of their children, for
homesteads were provided for them so
that in the years that followed they
became as prosperous as their parents.
And so eighty years after the first
settlement they became virtually a sepa-
rate people numbering 15,000 souls,
having built up traditions and formed
new habits. The incessant warfare
from 1690 to 1710 between the English
and the French left them open to many
attacks and hardships. The volup-
tuous Louis XIV and his corrupt court
paid little attention to his colonists,
except he did so between two pleasures,
and then entirely forgot them.

In 1710 Port Royal surrendered to
England, and by the terms of that sur-
render the inhabitants within a range
of three miles were allowed to remain
two years before taking the oath of
allegiance. Encounters naturally took
place, but Richard claims they were
always on French territory, though
other and partial historians maintain
otherwise. At the peace of Utrecht
Acadia was definitely ceded to Great
Britain. By this treaty the Acadians
were allowed one year to remain on
their land, and during that time to
construct ships to transport their grain
and cattle. If they desired to move,
did they remain they were required
to take their oath of allegiance, which
they finally agreed to do provided they
were not compelled to take up arms
against their compatriots, the French.
They were never allowed to leave un-
der any of these conditions. When the
English saw that their unimpaired de-
sire was to leave, they resorted to all
sorts of subterfuges to rivet them to
the soil by the oath of allegiance.

Here is where the records were dis-
torted by Atkins, and where there is a
gap in the history of the people
through the suppression of documents
by the vengeful British governors.
Richard supplies all these and shows
the persecutions the Acadians
were subjected to, and the broken
faith of the governors of the province
by which the provisions of the treaty
were totally ignored. Their boats were
seized and destroyed. They wished to
remove to the French colony of Cape
Breton, and under the terms of the
treaty they ought to have been allowed
to do so. But the machinations of the
governors prevented them. Finally
they offered to take a conditional oath
of allegiance, pledging themselves to
undertake nothing against King
George. All documents and letters re-
lating to these times have been omit-
ted by prejudiced writers. Finally
hectored on every hand and forbidden
to do so, the Acadians, by the many
acts of injustice they virtually became
prisoners, kept in the country in spite
of themselves, herded like a lot of cattle
in the shambles awaiting the butcher's
pleasure. Treaties violated, faith broken,
no where to turn for honesty and justice
they calmly awaited that crowning act
of infamy, their deportation.

Richard in speaking of the order of
Governor Lawrence exiling his people,
says "It cannot be said that the
Acadians had been rebellious, nor even
that they had had recourse to violence,
since their submission embraced even
obedience to the order to depart with-
out taking away anything, and to the
still more unjust order that put a stop
to their departure, and this when they
were powerful enough to snap their
fingers at authority. Examples of
such peaceable dispositions are very
rare in history. Their extreme peace-
ableness was their misfortune. Had
they not been so meek, they would have
had to let go."

But the final act scenes must be hur-
ried to at the church of Grand Pre,
where on September 5, 1755, were as-
sembled 415 adult Acadians, gathered
by order of Governor Lawrence to hear
read an edit of the king. What was its
nature? They did not know. Prepared
as they were for some new in-
dignity they were not fortified against
to hear, without a despairing sob, the
awful doom pronounced upon them,
which was, "that your lands and ten-
ements and cattle and live stock of all
kinds are forfeited to the crown, with
all your other effects, except money and
household goods, and that you your-
selves are to be removed from this
province."

The remainder of their history is the
most painful in the annals of Time.
The massacre of St. Bartholomew was
merciful compared to their fate. What
was their crime? Hear what our own
historian, Bancroft, says: "These un-
fortunate Acadians were guilty of no
other crime than their attachment to
France. I know not if the annals of
the human species have preserved the
memory of woes inflicted with so much
completeness, cruelty and persistence."
And Ripdath, another American histo-
rian, adds this testimony: "The history
of civilized nations furnishes no paral-
lel to this wanton and wicked destruc-
tion of an inoffensive colony."

The crowning iniquity of this dark
crime of deportation was the dismem-
berment of families, the very refine-
ment of cruelty. Hear the sobbing
words of Richard: "Another squad,
composed of a hundred married men,
was embarked directly after the first
and staidly escorted to the banks of
their wives on shore where their sons
were, brothers asked about brothers,
who had just been led into the ship;
and they begged the officers to put them
together. By way of answer the sol-
diers thrust their bayonets forward
and pushed the captives into the boats."

After all this woe, humiliation and
anguish the author only asks that jus-
tice to the memory of his ancestors be
proclaimed. No revenge or reparation.
O, Acadia! you truly were the Niohe of
grief. On your tomb let be engraved
the epitaph of Longfellow:
Still stands the forest primeval; but under
the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs
and language.

Only along the shore of the mournful
and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose
fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to
die in its bosom.
While from its rocky caverns the deep-
voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate an-
swers the wail of the forest.

The above work, which certainly
deals with the most fascinating theme
in history, is published in two volumes
by the Home Book Company, New
York. Cloth \$3; paper \$2.

The Cruel Toilette.
Roy L. McCordell in Truth.
Fair Toilette with Alphonse met.
Alphonse loved her dearly;
Fair Toilette had eyes of jet.
She could see it clearly.

"Take, adored one, this small flower,"
Alphonse said with trembling.
"That I plucked with a loving hand."
In this he was dissembling.

Then said Toilette, the sad coquette,
"You could not get, such flowers yet."
You could not get, such flowers yet
"Less it was that you bought 'em!"

"What matters it from whence it came?"
Said Alphonse, nearly crazy.
"Bought or found, 'tis all the same."
"Like you, it is a daisy."

And then Toilette, cruel coquette,
Proceeded on the spot
To make each leaf add to his grief
By spelling "Love him not!"

SHOES—ALEXANDER.

ENGLISH
ENAMEL SHOES.
All Six Dollar
Grades \$4.35
TO CLOSE OUT.
We probably have your size to-day.
We probably will not have it to-
morrow.

Alexander
THE ENAMEL SHOE
STOVES, RANGES, ETC.

ASK
—TO SEE OUR—
Latest Improved Line
—OF—
STOVES
—AND—
RANGES.

No Such Goods Ever Offered!

Sold by all Dealers.
Made by
BENJAMIN F. FISHER,
1616-1620 Market Street.

1852 1896.

STATIONERY, BOOKS, ETC.

Writing Inks.
ARNOLD'S, STEPHENS',
STAFFORDS'. CARTER'S,
FIRMINS',
BROOKS'.

Copying Inks.
ARNOLD'S, STEPHENS',
ANTOINETTE VIOLET,
STAFFORDS', CARTER'S,
WORDEN & HYATT'S VIOLET.

Blank Books.
Direct from manufacturer. Just opened.
ALL { RULINGS,
BINDINGS,
SIZES.

Flat Opening Lodgers at Low Prices.
STANTON'S OLD CITY
BOOKSTORE.

Blank Books!
LEDGERS, CASH BOOKS,
JOURNALS, DAY BOOKS,
And a large line of OFFICE SUPPLIES
at prices we guarantee as low as
any house in the city.

CARLE BROS.
1208 MARKET STREET.

AMUSEMENTS.
OPERA HOUSE
THURSDAY, JANUARY 23.
DAVIS & KEOGH'S
Big and Glorious Success,
ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

William Haworth's Masterpiece, A Fa-
mous Play by a Famous Author, with all
the full of heart interest. A vivid picture of
Natural Simplicity.
Prices \$1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents. Seats
on sale at C. A. House's Music Store
Tuesday, January 21.

OPERA HOUSE
Monday, January 27.
Direct from New York,
EDWARD HARRIGAN
And His Own Company, Under the Man-
agement of M. W. Hanley, Presenting Mr.
Harrigan's Most Successful Play in Three
Acts, entitled
OLD LAVENDER!

All the Old and Original Stories by Dave
Braham: "The Clock in the Tower Struck
12," "Jolly Old Ows," "Please Put that
Down," "Poverty's Tears Ebb and Flow,"
"Get Up, Jack! John, Sit Down."
Reserved seats \$1; admission 75 cents
and 50 cents. Seats on sale at C. A.
House's Music Store Friday, January 24.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—THURS-
DAY, Friday and Saturday Even-
ings and Saturday Matinee, January 21,
22 and 23, the greatest of all scenic spec-
tacles, "LOST IN NEW YORK." A play
full of heart interest. A vivid picture of
New York life. New spectacles, calcium
and electrical effects. Night prices, 15, 25,
35 and 50c. Matinee prices, 10, 25 and 50c.
January 21.

TO THE CONSUMER!
There are a great many housekeepers who
carry two grades in flour and for making bread
and the other for pastry purposes. Now, to
avoid that trouble, our celebrated brand of Arme
flour, composed of pure winter wheat, which
has been in use for a number of years in the
most prominent families in the city, will make
you the finest loaf of white, wholesome bread
and the best paste flour on the market. Give
it a trial and be convinced.

ALBERT STOLZE & CO.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—YOUNG MAN, SINGLE,
for a permanent position; salary
\$75 per month. Must have \$500 in cash.
Address OPPORTUNITY, Intelligencer
office.

DO YOU WANT WORK? IF SO,
state, in own handwriting, age, height,
what you have done and are fitted to
do, and salary expected. Address J23,
PLOYER, Intelligencer office.

WANTED—A MAN TO TAKE AN
office and represent a manufac-
turer; \$50 per week; small capital re-
quired. Address, with stamp, MAN-
UFACTURER, Box 212, Concord Junction,
Mass.